COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

AND BLOOMSBURG GENERAL ADVERTISER.

LEVI L. TATE, Editor, Publisher & Proprietor.

"To hold and trim the torch of Truth and Wave it o'er the darkened Earth."

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

WRITTEN FOR THE COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

The Starry Heaven.

BY J. C. M.

I sit and wonder as I gaze
Up on the spangled arch of night,
And the fading, shadowy haze
Throws o'er my heart a wild delight;
And then a holy wonder thrills
And draws away all thoughts of earth,
And, oh! how deep a rev'rence fills
As I think where Heaven has its birth.

If far beyond those dazzling spheres
Each joyous soul will wend its way,
If such bright glittering worlds appears
This side of Heaven's glorious day,
And then the rapture that must drown
The soul, when rising in its flight,
To feel the burning dazzling crown
By God placed on its brow of light.

Or in some shining central space
Doth congregate the saint and blest;
And worlds their mighty onward race
Still have around this place of rest,
Mayhap the soul is unconfined,
(And gladly thus my soul doth think,)
Its wand-rings ne'er shall be defined,
God's chain of love's no binding link.

Then comes a thrilling deep desire,
That burns and glows within my breast,
And then the rising panting fire
Will soon and sadly sink to rest.
As I know of a toilsome life
That plainly rises up to view,
With all its fleece and painful strife,
With all its bright and shining hue.

Oh! how can man who's pictured from
His ever glorious God above—
Oh! how can he, with voice all dumb
And heart all void of prayerful love,
Gaze on the trembling stars of night
Which shine so near our heavenly home;
And yet I've seen this glorious sight
Draw not a look for more from some.

ORIGINAL SKETCH.

WRITTEN FOR THE COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

THE PAINTER'S CURSE.

BY KATE.

In the latter part of the year 1849, there lived in what was then called Happy Valley, a poor painter, a Spaniard by birth, named Gonsalez.

It was on a very cold day in December that I was called to attend the death-bed of this very unfortunate man. As I entered his poorly-furnished abode my eyes fell on a magnificent painting which hung on the wall. The picture was made to represent a beautiful girl, perhaps eighteen years of age, in the act of plucking a rose-bud, but a large wasp, apparently passing suddenly to prevent her from doing as she desired. After I had been in the old man's apartment some time, I turned our conversation to the picture which had so much attracted my attention on entering.

"Whom, may I ask," said I, "was that beautiful painting made to represent, Gonsalez?"

The old man heaved a sigh, and turned heavily in his weary couch.

"Perhaps," I continued, "you do not wish to inform me."

"Yes, yes," he muttered quickly, but in a very subdued tone, "I will tell you.—About one year ago that picture was painted. That young girl you observe there—is—was—my only child. Very soon after that was painted, some, villain—who, I know not—enticed her to leave me, and took her, God know's where. Oh, doctor, when she left my house, I prayed to Almighty God to *eternally curse her!* But, sir, could I see her once more before I die—that awful curse—I—I *might* retract. But tell me, do you know anything of her, that you asked so eagerly?"

This account the old man gave me in very broken sentences. I replied in the negative to his question, and promising to call the next day, I left him.

I returned to my office, but my mind was wholly occupied by the painter's story and the beautiful portrait.

The following morning I attended my patient, and found him very slightly improved. I did not allude to our conversation on the previous afternoon, but promising to return soon, I gave him some medicine, and left.

* * * * * * * * * * *

About midnight I was called up to attend a person who had been wounded with a knife, and, following my guide, hurried down to a dance-house situated about where the "Bella Union" now stands. I found the wounded person to be a young woman, and although the cut was severe it was not dangerous. It appeared that it had been inflicted by some drunken wretch with whom she had refused to dance. I attended the young woman for several days regularly, until she was out of all danger, and each visit I made I saw a stronger resemblance to the picture at the house of old Gonsalez. I begged her to tell me some of her past history, and, you can imagine my surprise, when she informed me she was the daughter of "Gonsalez, the painter." Then, truly, I had been attending both father and daughter at the same time.

In return for her confidence, I informed her that her father was alive, and in this city, but was on his death-bed, sinking fast, and it would be impossible for him to live more than two or three days more.

She entreated me to take her to see him, which finally, I consented to do. She thanked me, and agreed to meet me next morning at eleven o'clock.

According to her promise, Annette, (for that was her name,) met me on the Plaza, and we proceeded to her father's house.—We entered softly the front room, where I left my companion, while I introduced the subject to the dying man. I asked him what he would do, if he was allowed to see his daughter once more. He said he did not know, he "might pardon her."

Annette, hearing this, was unable to remain longer in silence, and rushed into the room.

The old man fairly *leaped* up in his bed, and gazed wildly about. Then he stretched out his arms as if to embrace his daughter; but, as she approached, a horrible vision of the *past* seemed to pass over his mind, and, fiercely repulsing her, he uttered an awful curse, and fell back in his bed—a *corpse*.

* * * * * * * * * * *

About a week after this sad scene took place, I was called in haste to visit a person who had taken poison. As we entered the house a terrible presentiment struck me, for it was the residence of the erring daughter. My misgivings were too soon realized, for there lay the body of Annette Gonsalez. Life was already extinct.

The curse of the father had indeed fallen heavily upon the daughter.

Female Intrepidity.

When the war of extermination between the Indians and Kentuckians was at its heighth, those who inhabited the back parts of the State of Kentucky were obliged to have their houses built very strong, with loopholes all around, and doors always fastened, so as to repel any attack from the Indians. While the owner of one of these domestic fortresses was with his slaves, at work on the plantation, a negro who was posted near to the house saw a party of Indians approaching. He immediately ran to the house, the foremost Indian after him. The Indian was the fleetest and as the door opened to admit the negro, they both jumped in together. The other Indians being some distance behind, the door was instantly closed by the planter's wife within, when the Indian and negro grappled. Long and hard was the struggle, for, as in the case of Fitz James and Roderick Dhu, the one was the strongest and the other more expert, but strength this time was the victor, for they fell, the Indian below; when the negro, placing his knees on his breast, and holding his hands, kept him in that position, until the woman, seizing a broad axe, and taking the Indian by his long hair, at one blow severed his head from his body. The negro, then seizing the guns, fired them at the other Indians, which, as fast as discharged, were loaded again by the planter's wife, until the party from the field, hearing the firing, arrived, and the Indians took to flight.

☞ It is probably not known to most of our readers that Gen. Cass is a past Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Free Masons of Michigan. President Buchanan is also a Past Master of a Lodge at Lancaster city, Penn. Vice President, Hon. Mr. Breckinridge, is a member of Webb Encampment of Knights Templars, at Lexington, Ky., and the Secretary of the Treasury, Hon. Howell Cobb, is a member of the Order in Georgia.

☞ Riddle.

It is the beginning of Eternity,
The end of time and space.
The beginning of every end
And the end of every place.

A BEAUTIFUL STORY.

A BREACH OF PROMISE.

BY A RETIRED ATTORNEY.

"Is it possible, Rose Leavitt!" exclaimed I, as I saw a lady whom I recognized as one of the most beautiful heiresses of Boston enter my office.

"I dare say you are surprised; but my business is of a strictly legal character; so you need not waste any exclamations upon the event."

Rose Leavitt was a beauty and an heiress, but she was a strange girl, for all that. Her father had died when she was about sixteen, leaving something like a million to be divided between her and her two brothers. Charles and Henry Leavitt were much older than she, and both of them had long been settled down as quiet, orderly business men. They were respectable in the fullest sense of the word, and were never known to be erratic in the slightest particular.

Rose seemed to be cast in another and entirely different mould from that in which they had been formed. At school she had been so wild, that neither master nor mistress could control her. She would have her own way—a peculiarity to which, I am sorry to say, very many young ladies are addicted.

For the proprieties of life—I mean for those set formalities of life, which pass as such in the world of fashion—she had a sovereign contempt. She hated dandies, hated belles, hated pianos, music books, French and German "methods," in fact, she seemed strikingly disposed to live out her existence after the dictates of her own fancy, or her caprices, as the reader may choose to regard it.

She had passed into her twenty-first year, without having done anything to call the attention of the world at large to her. Her whims had only been manifested in the school room, or at the home of the brother with whom she resided.

She was now twenty-two, and was in a fair way to become an historical character, as I shall soon inform the reader. Of course Rose had a profusion of lovers—heiresses always find them as plenty as snow flakes at Christmas. But Rose very summarily disposed of this crowd, by selecting from them one who was certainly a very superior fellow. He was not rich, and had not been very forward in his attentions, until it was plain to him, and all the world, that she had taken a fancy to him. Charles Carpenter was poor, but he sincerely loved the wayward girl, and would not have bent at her shrine, if he had not loved her.

Then Rose, after she had secured him in her toils, as the spider does the fly, seemed a little disposed to play the coquette. Now Chas. Carpenter had not assurance enough to deal with a coquettish heiress. He was not a man of the world. He was conscious of the vast difference in their social position, and when she began to flirt with another, he did not resent it; but seemed to regard it as a change of sentiment on her part, to which he could offer no reasonable objection. Calmly yielding to the fate which denied him the bliss of being loved, he let "concealment like a worm in the bud, feed on his damask cheek."

Rose flirted. A new star had risen in the firmament of that circle in which she moved, in the person of Mr. Sampson Deele. He had lately come from Baltimore, was the son of a merchant prince, owned a fine estate on the Rappahannock, in Virginia, with two hundred negroes; in fact, his surroundings were everything that could be desired.

Rose flirted with him, and Mr. Sampson Deele was as constant as the needle to the pole. Soon the flirtation assumed a more serious aspect. The elegant gentleman was ever by her side, and she never failed to smile upon him. Poor Carpenter gave up all for lost, and never intruded upon her presence.

For about three months, Mr. Deele had clung to her, and then it was whispered that he had proposed and was accepted.—Rose's brothers were in ecstacies. They had been fearful she would throw herself away upon a poor fellow like Carpenter; and both of them declared it was the most sensible thing they had ever known her to do; inasmuch as they did not expect much of her in the matter of matrimony.

I had heard all about these things as matters of gossip. Pitied poor Carpenter, with whom I was well acquainted; but the wealth, position, prospects and magnificent expectations of Mr. Sampson Beele could not be gainsayed.

"How is Mr. Deele?" I asked, when she was seated.

"He is a knave!" replied she, smartly.

I was utterly astonished at this ebullition of feeling.

"Read that letter, Mr. Docket, and let it explain my business in a lawyer's office."

I took the document. It was from Mr. Sampson Deele. From it I learned, for the first time, that the engagement between the parties had been broken up. It appeared that she had formally dismissed him. The letter was a strictly business document. If he had written anything more delicate, if he had remonstrated as a lover against his banishment he had done it before this was penned. In this he laid aside the character of the lover, and assumed that of the cool man of business looking out sharply for his material interests. The substance of it was that the writer would prosecute her for a breach of promise, if she refused to marry him.

"What shall I do, Mr. Docket!" she asked, trying to laugh, but I could observe the trepidation that filled her mind.

"Really, Rose, this is bad business.—Why do you banish him? I can conceive what a terrible misfortune it must be, to be exiled from your presence."

"I banished him because he is a knave. I can prove that he is a gambler—a professional gamester."

"That will not be sufficient."

"I feared not, but one thing is certain, I will never speak to him again, let the consequences be what they may."

"Have you committed yourself?"

"I have."

"Have there been any letters?"

"Yes, he has everything in black and white."

"Bad, bad, Rose."

"I know that, or I should not have come to you with such an affair."

I questioned her close as to all the particulars of the affair. Mr Sampson Deele could have no better case, so far as appearances went then. It looked just as though everything he had done had been done by design; and before the interview was finished, I was satisfied that he was a scoundrel; that all he wanted was my fair client's fortune. But Rose was completely in his power.

For two or three days I fretted over the case and then decided to go to Baltimore myself.—Enjoining upon Rose the strictest secresy in regard to my movements, I departed. It would take much space to narrate the incidents of my search in Baltimore; besides it would spoil the story; therefore, I withhold them.

On my return, I hastened to Rose and desired her to send for Mr. Deele. He came and impudently stated the grounds of his claim to the hand of the heiress.

"How much will you buy off, Mr. Deele?" I asked, with all appearance of deep anxiety.

"Well, sir, I do not wish to prosecute the lady. If she has ceased to love me, it is not my fault; but it is not right that I should be a sufferer by her change of sentiments. She is worth, I am told, some three hundred thousand. I will not be hard with her. Give me one-sixth of her fortune, and I will return the letters."

"No, sir; we will not do that."

"Very well;" and he coolly rose to depart.

"One word more; do you think your claim upon the lady is good?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Wait a moment, then, and I will convince you to the contrary."

I opened the door of an adjoining room, and Rose conducted a lady who had come from Baltimore with me, into the apartment.

"This lady will be an excellent witness for the defence," I remarked.

"Hell!" shouted he, as he seized his hat, and rushed from the house.

Rose threw herself on the sofa and laughed till I thought she would go into hysterics—the crazy girl!

In a word, the strange lady was Mrs. Sampson Deele, wife of the aspirant for Rose's hand and fortune, whom the wretch had deserted several years before. So much for my visit to Baltimore. Rose handsomely rewarded her for her trouble, and it was a profitable journey to her.—About a year after, Charles Carpenter was made happy by receiving the hand of Rose, and I am pleased to add, she has made a very steady wife.

SALT.—The annual product of the U. States is 12,270,000 bushels. Of this New York produces six millions of bushels.—Virginia three millions five hundred thousand. The manufacture is carried on in eleven of the States, the brine being drawn from deep wells.

Poet's Heads.

Sir Walter Scott's hat was always the smallest in any company he happened to be in—the head was pyramidical. Byron's was the same. Sir Charles Napier in his diary thus mentions his meeting with Byron:—"Lord Byron is still here—a very good fellow, very pleasant, always laughing and joking. An American gave a very good account of him in the newspapers, but said his head was too large in proportion, which is not true. He dined with me the day before the paper arrived, and four or five of us tried to put on his hat, but none could; he had the smallest head of all, and one of the smallest I ever saw. He is very compassionate and kind to every one in distress." At the opening of Burn's mausoleum in 1834, for the interment of his widow, the poet's skull was taken up and examined.—Nine gentlemen were present, and every one tried his hat on the skull. Only one of the nine could cover it, and that was the hat of Mr. Thomas Carlyle.

Female Heroism.

Among the noteworthy incidents of the Montreal disaster, was the saving of her two children by Mrs. Bloomfield, whose husband is in the employ of the Grand Trunk Company at Toronto. She held to a rope with one hand, keeping the head of one child above the water with the other, and holding the other up by fastening her teeth in its dress. So heavy was her load, that two of her teeth gave way and were lost; yet she still retained her hold. At last a boat came towards her, and men were screaming all around her to be taken on board; she could not scream, but a man seeing her situation, brought the boat to her telling them she needed aid the most. Then her strength gave way, and she came near drowning ere she could be lifted into the boat. She is a slight delicate woman in appearance, and one wonders how she was able to do so much.

A Fitting Monument to Franklin.—The tomb of Franklin—is a plain flag-stone even with the earth can be so called—is concealed from public view by a venerable brick wall at the corner of Fifth and Mulberry streets, Philadelphia. The remains of the lightning philosopher are deposited there, in the old burial ground belonging to Christ Church. An appropriate monument has been accidently reared above them, in the shape of a telegraph post, and the lightning is at constant play over, if not under, the eye of the man who first chained it to the earth.

Railway and Steamboat Accidents.—It appears from a list of the most serious railway accidents (except those resulting from the carelessness of passengers) which have occurred in the United States or its immediate vicinity during the first six months of the present year, that forty-five lives have been lost, and ninety-nine persons wounded on railroads, and sixty one killed and twenty wounded by steamboat accidents.

☞ A train of cars on the Marietta and Cincinnati Railroad, while crossing the dangerous trestle-work, twelve miles west of Marietta, met with an accident that might have been foreseen by any person acquainted with the road. A car ran off the track, and fell a distance of fifty-three feet, dashing it to pieces. The car contained thirty passengers, four of whom were killed, and twenty wounded.

☞ A man's wealth depends more upon his wife, than upon his income. Some women will cause their husbands to become rich on five hundred a year—others can scarce keep out of jail on five thousand. Saving has made more fortunes than getting. If married men are poor, in nine cases out of ten it is their wives fault.

☞ Dear Maggie.

She found the discipline of life
More than her heart could bear,
And so she turned her to the grave,
And sought for refuge there.

And now she lies with folded hands,
In an unbroken sleep;
With peaceful heart, and tearless eye,
Where none can make her weep.

☞ "I think our church will last a good many years yet," said a waggish deacon to his minister; "I see the *sleepers* are very *sound*."

☞ God is on the side of virtue; for he who dreads punishment suffers it, and he who deserves it, dreads it.

☞ If you have a ten dollar note, and desire silver for it, what public building would you address?—Exchange.

SABBATH READING.

"I Have Lost my Way."

"I have lost my way," a little child said to me this morning. It had wandered too far from its father's house. "I want to go home," the little child said, and her tears fell thick and fast upon her little hands. I led the little lost one home, and it was sweet to witness the rejoicing of the parents over the restored lamb.

I have lost *my* way, I repeated sadly to myself, in these deep labyrinths of life—*my* feet wander in strange paths—the fruit which I had so fondly coveted, like the apples of Sodom, has turned to ashes on my lips—memories of my glad, prayerful childhood come sweeping over my soul—I have left my Father's house, and I, too, want to go home.

God has made the parent a type of his own infinite love; and if an earthly father can say, "It was meet that we should be merry and glad, for this my son was dead, and is alive again, and was lost, and is found," how much more will our Heavenly Father welcome the wanderer's return to his protecting love! The sweetest tears shed are those of penitence. Some of the noblest steps trod are those which return from wanderings. A greater than a father's love waits to embrace the prodigal.

The Stream of Life.

Life bears us on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat at first glides swiftly down the narrow channels, through the playful murmurings of the little brook, and along its grassy borders, trees shed their blossoms over our young heads, and the flowers and the brink seem to offer themselves to our young hands, we are in hope, and grasp eagerly at the beauties around us, but the stream hurries us on, and still our hands are empty. Our course in youth and manhood is along a wider and deeper flood, and amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated by the moving picture of enjoyment and industry passing before us; we are excited by short-lived success, depressed and rendered miserable by short lived disappointment; but our energy and our dependence are both in vain. The stream bears us on—our joys and griefs are left behind us; we may be shipwrecked, but cannot anchor; our voyage may be hastened, but cannot be delayed; whether rough or smooth, the river hastens towards its haven, the roaring of the waves is beneath our keel, the land lessens from our eyes, the floods are lifted up around us, we take our last leave of earth and its inhabitants, and of our future voyage, there is no witness but the Infinite and Eternal.

The Lord's Prayer.

I know that my mother taught it me, for linked with each petition is her presence and her love. But I do not remember when, I cannot recall the time I knew it not. With my first best memories it has place My mother and "Our Father which art in Heaven" have watched over me together with protecting care, united in their love. And though I have learned to know that my Saviour's love availeth more for me than mortal's can, yet still I feel my mother's as true, as constant to bless, far as its power extends, and those dear names are linked together in my memory forever. And how can any child that has had the love and the prayers of a mother, scorn a Saviour's love, so like to hers, self-sacrificing, yet, more than hers, all powerful—Thus it would seem that every heart should be given to Christ. But alas, great as the anomaly, every mother does not teach her child to pray. Ah! 'tis sad, yea, awful to know it. But those who have a mother who teaches of "Our Father," can never show enough gratitude and obedience, both to the one and the other; for earth, with all its sunshine and its flowers, were but a gloomy waste without the hope of heaven.

LOVE AND CHARITY.—There is much vague talk in these latter days about love and charity. Men profess to admire and desire to see them increased, and yet hate the principles which alone can produce them. Let us stand fast in the old paths. We cannot have fruits and flowers without roots. We cannot have love to God and man without faith in Christ, and without regeneration. The way to spread true love in the world, is to teach the atonement of Christ and the work of the Holy Ghost.

TEARS AND LAUGHTER.—God made both tears and laughter, and both for kind purposes; for as laughter enables mirth and surprise to breathe freely, so tears enable sorrow to vent itself patiently.—Tears hinder sorrow from becoming despair and madness, and laughter is one of the very privileges of reason, being confined to the human species.

VARIETIES.

☞ Keep Cool.

☞ Gen. Cass, invariably goes to bed at 10 o'clock, in the evening.

☞ The warm weather is driving people from the cities into the country.

☞ Gen. Walker, of Nicaragua notoriety, is 35 years of age.

☞ Ripe peaches are among the luxuries at Mobile and New Orleans.

☞ Love is like a river; if one channel be obstructed, it seeks another.

☞ Accounts from the north, west and south, say that crops are abundant. Oats, wheat and potatoes in Canada never better.

☞ Mr. Everett's oration has already netted $25,000, to be devoted to the purchase of the Mount Vernon estate.

☞ The man who made an impression on the heart of a coquette, has taken out a patent for stone cutting.

☞ Spider bites can be cured, it is said, by wetting the place affected with cold water as fast as it absorbs or dries up.

☞ We have heard of a fellow who was determined to commit suicide, even if he had to perish in the attempt.

☞ A sprightly little girl being asked, "what is nothing?" replied, "shut your eyes and you will see it."

☞ Lightning rods, should be put up before the barns are filled with fresh steaming hay or grain.

☞ The hoop question, like many others has two sides to it. The ladies take the inside of course.

☞ Gather fruits in dry weather, and when the sun shines, and place them carefully in the basket as if they were glass. The smallest bruise commences a decay.

☞ The Czar of Russia has authorized the erection of a church in the cemetery at Sevastopol in honor of the brave men who fell in defence of that place.

☞ Col. Cumming, of Missouri, appointed Governor of Utah, will take his family to that territory and make it his future home.

☞ "Wild Cat," the Seminole chief, who gave the United States so much trouble in Florida, is dead. He with forty others of his people, fell victims to the small pox.

☞ Hath any wronged thee!—be bravely revenged, slight it, and the work is begun; forgive it, and 'tis finished. He is below himself who is not above an injury.

☞ A PRINTER'S TOAST.—*Woman.*—The fairest work of creation. The edition being extensive, let no man be without a copy.

☞ A Vermont mechanic has invented a machine by means of which writing may be done in the cars. The machine is worked by a set of keys.

☞ The highest price ever given for a horse of which there is any authentic account, was paid in 1851, for a race horse that brought $32,500.

☞ According to an Iowa paper, there are 60,000 more males than females in that State. Fine country, that, for marriageable young ladies to emigrate to.

☞ A genius has discovered that the reason why ladies wear whalebone hoops is, that the whalebone being a non conductor, prevents them from being struck by the young men.

☞ Some genius has conceived the brilliant idea to press all the lawyers into military service, in case of war—because their "charges" are so great that no one could stand them.

☞ In the word ABSTEMIOUS, the five vowels of the alphabet stand in their grammatical order a-e-i-o-u. The word FACETIOUS presents the same accidental singularity, and FACETIOUSLY brings in the Y.

☞ Cincinnati, on Friday, was devastated by a series of disastrous fires, throwing nearly three hundred operatives out of employment, and involving a loss of nearly a quarter of a million of dollars.

☞ A Washington letter states that several of the President's household are sick with intermittent fever caused by the fogs arising from the Potomac, which makes the White House damp and unhealthy.

☞ "I never complained of my condition," says the Persian poet Sadi, "but once, when my feet were bare, and I had no money to buy shoes; but I met a man without feet, and became contented with my lot."

☞ Dr. Franklin was once endeavoring to kill a turkey by an electric shock, when he received the whole force of the battery himself. Recovering, he good-humoredly remarked, that, instead of killing a turkey, he had put an end to a goose.

☞ The following is Prentice's last and best squib. An old woman up in Henry is collecting all the Republican papers she can lay her hands on, to make soap of.—She says they are despot slight better than ashes—they are most as good as clear lie.

☞ The graves of Samuel Adams and John Hancock, two of the signers of the Declaration of Independance, from Massachusetts, are in the Granary Burial Ground, in Boston, without monuments to mark them.

☞ A FACT.—Many a young man in making his first entrance into society, is so ignorant as to imagine he is the object of unusual attention, and that everything he does or wears is subjected to the most rigid criticism. Of course, under such circumstances he is shy and embarrassed, or insolent and overbearing; he acquires his ease and finds his place as he becomes aware of his insignificance.